

Christian Life Column.

[EDITED BY REV. D. H. TUTTLE.]

A Day of Satisfaction.

When I shall wake on that fair morn
Of morn,
After whose dawning night never re-
turns,
With whose glory day eternal
burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to
face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy
child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores
of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I
have loved,
Clasp in my eager arms the long re-
moved,
And find how faithful Thou has ever
proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint
and stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all
pain,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of
him
Who for me died, with eyes no longer
dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting
hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long,
long past,
When clouds and storms and shadows
overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest
at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness, and the
fear,
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and
wipe the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
All be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless
day,
I shall be satisfied.

—H. H. B. Bonar, D. D.

The Story of a Gold Ring.

Not a ring you would be likely to
value as worth so many dollars and
cents, but a ring which you could not
get at without feeling that it had a
history, and was the visible sign and
emblem of many a joy and sorrow—
the thinnest thread of virgin gold,
on which rested, in quaint letters
of black enamel, the word
"Faith."

I need not tell how I heard its his-
tory. It will be sufficient that I assure
my readers that every particular of it
is absolutely true. "It is a very pre-
cious cue to me," said its owner, a
woman who had proved her God in
every condition of life, and who knew
well "in whom she had believed." "It
has been the ring of promise on two
memorable occasions in my life, and as
God changed, in token of His blessing,
Abraham's name to Abraham so also He
has changed my ring from earthly
gems to heavenly faith."

I scarcely understood and so I looked
incuriously into the calm, cheerful
face, which in its turn, looked lovingly
at the gold pledge of some invisible
compact.

"Shall I tell you its history?" she
asked.

I put my hand in hers for answer,
and she said:

"The fever that robbed me of my
husband and four sons smote me also;
and when, after many weeks, I strug-
gled back to life again, it was only to
begin another struggle for the means
whereby to sustain it. The battle
for a time was a terrible one; and three
years ago it became necessary for me
to sell a diamond ring I valued very
highly. Not for the gems, be sure of
that, but because it was my betrothal
ring—the earnest of a love which glori-
fied nearly twenty years of my life."

"O, what bitter tears I shed over it!
How I prayed that this trial might
be spared me! 'Anything but this, O
father! anything but this!' But God
seemed to be inexorable; the sacrifice
was demanded, and no substitute pro-
vided."

"Then things began to brighten.
When the tide has ebbed quite out,
then it begins to flow again; and though
I am sure I was not ungrateful, still in
my heart I was conscious of a dumb
resentment against this loss. It was
the Mordred sitting in the gate of all
my success."

"One day I was thinking about this
trial. I ought to have been counting
up my blessings, for they had been
neither small nor few—but no! I was
busy pitying myself for this one sacri-
fice. With that ingenuity which we
are bent on making ourselves miser-
able, I was recalling the shadow of my
native mountains and the dark blue
waters of the lake. I almost heard
the water dripping from the suspended
cliffs, and the loving words with which
that ring has been placed on my finger
by a hand now vanished and a voice
now stilled."

"In the midst of my reverie a letter
and a small box was handed me. The
box contained my ring—my ring, the

same, and yet not the same? The dia-
monds had been removed, and in their
place the word 'Faith' inserted in
quaint letters of gold and black
enamel.

"Can you imagine how I felt? I fell
on my knees. 'Father, forgive me,'
was all I could say; and though that
infinite and tender heart comforted
me 'as one whom his mother comfort-
eth,' I have never been quite able to
forgive myself O, if I had only held
fast my confidence! I had seen all my
wealth swept away, and cheerfully
said: 'It is the Lord, let Him do what
seemeth Him good.' I had seen the
grave swallow up my home, and been
dumb with silence, because 'He did
it,' and then, after all, I had fretted
me 'as one of the foolish women about a
lovo token."

"Since then the gentleman who re-
turned my ring has been able to help
me very materially in my business;
yet for the sake of my ring I never
should have known him. The very
thing I thought was all against me
has been all for me. The little gold
talisman on my finger is my visible
good angel; when I murmur, it says,
'Be patient;' when I doubt, it answers,
'Faith.'"

"There are ills that happen for good,"
I answered; "and we see everything
so darkly and imperfectly."

"Yes, she said: 'we are like men in
a boat—we look one way and row
another, but infinite love and wisdom
direct our course. Neither are we in
a fatherless world; and the promise is
that 'His rod as well as His staff shall
comfort us.'"—Selected.

Hits: Look Out!

—R U seen at church very often?

—The devil's paradise—the modern
german.

—If you would be truly hale, take
no ale.

—You eat too much to be either
healthy or righteous.

—To keep in good spirits, it is best
to take no spirits.

—Do not mistake reformation for re-
generation. Lost soul if you do.

—The gospel intended for you hit the
back of the pew last Sunday. Death
and judgment will not miss you.

—You may be very industrious, but
have you learned to do the "casting"
mentioned in 1 Peter, 5:7? Be sure to
learn.

—Good man says the Bible is God's
book; bad man says the Bible is not
God's book. Now which do you be-
lieve?

—O for a preacher who can live on
sunbeams all summer, while many of
his flock excursion, drink ginger pop,
eat ice cream, etc.

—We live to make our own church
a power in the land, while we live to
love every other church that exalts our
Christ."—Bishop Simpson.

—"Got more than I bargained for,"
said the devil when he had to throw in
some extra cart loads of brimstone to
burn the "gum log" church member
who could, but would not pay one
cent to support his pastor.

—How to draw a big crowd to your
funeral. Be regular in your attend-
ance at church, pay your part of
church expenses and take an interest
in all the work of the church. Neg-
lect these things and there will be a
thin attendance at your funeral.

To Think Over.

No one can be happy without first
being useful.

There are many who can see God in
grace but not in providence.

The refuge which God provides for
his children is always devil proof.

"All things whatsoever ye ask in
prayer believing, ye shall receive."

The blood of Christ was shed that
every sinner might be made white.

To know that we are right with God
is to know that we are on the only
Rock that is storm proof.

There are a few preachers who would
rather see a rival church burn down
than to see it have a revival.

Remember this: That the nearer we
get to the Father's hand, the less the
switch of chastisement hurts.

No matter how small a sin is, exam-
ine its tracks, and you will find that
they point straight toward the pit.

America and Armenia.

Twenty thousand slain in two months
—men, women and children with fiend-
ish brutality.

"Ten thousand Armenians in Tur-
key by the fanatical Moslems. Our in-
dignation aroused. The Sultan re-
sponsible."

"Ten thousand in America by the
Murderous Rascals. Our peace
not disturbed. The people responsi-
ble."

The above suggestive parallel appears
in a Temperance paper. It speaks a
volume.

WHERE ARE WE AT?

Correspondence of The Progressive Farmer.

If any Populist can tell, fire away,
for I certainly do not know, but would
like to find out. Are we Populists, Re-
publicans, Democrats or pie hunters?
We hear one element accused of sell-
ing out to Democrats and the other of
selling out to the Republicans. Cer-
tainly no one sold out. If they did,
they failed to deliver all the goods.

What's a Populist? Is the man who
voted for goldbug Republicans where
we had no nomination, or the man
who voted for a Democrat whom he
knew was for free silver? I thought I
was a Populist—voted for the fusion
county ticket all except for the legisla-
ture, where they had out a goldbug
Republican pledged to vote, if elected,
for a goldbug U. S. Senator. That I
could not and would not do, so I was
taken off the township ticket the day
before the election and a McKinleyite
put on instead and accused of going
over to the Democrats. I also voted
for W. W. Kitchen because I preferred
him to goldbug Settle. All knew that
there was no chance for Mr. Dalby.
Are the voters who voted this way to
be put out of the People's party and
branded as Democrats? If so, what shall
be done with their accusers who voted
for all the fusion goldbugs and some
who were not on the fusion ticket?

Some of the same stripe pasted Mr.
Russell's name over Maj. W. A. Guth-
rie's and cried that he had gone to the
Democrats? Why? Because Mr.
Guthrie stood square by the demands
of the People's party and advocated
the election of free silver men and for
a non partisan judiciary, which was
Populist doctrine two years ago. If
so, why not so now? O, because he
advocated the election of Democrats.
What has become of our non partisan
judiciary? They have the power to
put them all out now, so we need it no
longer. Strange, is it not?

Still no one has gone over to the Re-
publicans. O, no. And strange, is
it not, that those Republicans think
they are the only genuine Populists in
North Carolina? About two more
years and we will find some of them
44 Republicans.

I bolted the convention in my county
when it endorsed Cleveland, and will
bolt every time when a convention en-
dorses a goldbug for a law making
body, either in the State or Nation. I
am for free silver and all the other de-
mands of the People's party, and will
not vote against them if I know it.
Still I have gone over to the Democrats.
But no one has gone to the Republi-
cans. O, no.

If the People's party is for free silver,
how can we ever expect to get it by
fusing with a party that has come out
boldly against silver and in favor of a
gold standard? Would it not be just
as reasonable for the Christian people
to compromise with Satan, giving him
half of their labor and claim at the
same time to be working for Christ's
kingdom. Could sinners put confidence
in such Christians? I think they would
deserve just about as much as those
free silverites who are giving their sup-
port to the Republican party, which
every one admits to be a gold party
and its leaders do not deny it.

Now if we are going to be a party
(which we must) let us get closer to-
gether and go to work at once and or-
ganize closer than ever and become a
unit on our demands and never more
fuse with anything that is not going
our way. Let everything alone that is
against our demands; for the sake of
getting a few of our people off, we
must quit working to please office
seekers. We never can grow by fusing
with our worst enemies and giving only
half of our own support to our de-
mands. How can we expect a Demo-
crat to come to us while we are voting
for Republicans ourselves?

Please tell me of some good free sil-
ver goldbug fusionist. I stand ready
to do what I can, and vote what I can
for the demands of the People's party,
if our leaders don't trade half of our
votes to the goldbugs. I don't expect
to be traded that way any more, my-
self. I have stood it twice—took it all
down the first time and a good part of
it the second, but is my last dose of
such medicine. If we are for more
money and cheaper money and a better
way to put it in circulation, for an in-
come tax and against National banks,
let us continue to say so and work and
vote for the same without trading with
our greatest enemies and giving them
one half of our vote.

To carry this country for silver and
our other demands, we must have all
who are friendly to them in one grand
united party under some one name; I
care not what it is called. We must
all pull one way, and that ought to be
the right way. Two parties headed
in different directions cannot go to-
gether. It is like two men travelling.
One wants to go north, the other south;
but one agrees to go a mile with the
other if he will go with him a mile; so
they travel two miles and find them-
selves just where they started. Now
each man has to go his whole journey

by himself. The only difference is the
time wasted and the travelers a little
tired.

This is about the way the People's
party have been travelling with the
Republicans, and as long as we travel
that way how can we ever expect to
get anywhere?

We find the Republicans growing
stronger in our State. Anyone can see
that. Where is she getting her re-
cruits? Has the People's party grown
as much in the last two years as it did
the two years preceding? I think not.
Will she grow the next two years? Not
much unless we change some of our
guns. Populists, whither are we drift-
ing?

MOUNTAINEER.

IT WILL COME IN 1900.

Correspondence of The Progressive Farmer.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

Dec. 1, 1896.

Republicans and those who voted
the "Republican side ticket" are busily
engaged in alleging that the silver sen-
timent has spent itself and is a dead
issue. That the contest is ended and
such a preposterous proposition to help
the bulk of American people and take
from the plutocrats and anarchists
some of their extensive power, will
never present itself again.

Our Republican and Democrat
Republican brethren, in the year 1900,
will never have seen such a live corpse
as the so called silver crazy will be.
The advocacy of free silver coinage is
not a new theme. The Populists have
advocated this measure for years, as
a means of relief for our people, so the
free silver proposition is not so young
and fragile as the friends of plutocracy
would have the public believe. But on
the other hand the free silver senti-
ment has been carefully nurtured from
a "babe" in the hands of a few patri-
otic men until the "babe" has devel-
oped into a young "giant" which came
very near capturing the country, but
was thwarted by the intrigues of plu-
tocrats and the bad impression created
by the Cleveland "goldite" adminis-
tration.

Before the year 1900 the McKinley
administration will have long since
proved very unsatisfactory to many
of our enthusiastic Republican breth-
ren. The continued single standard and
"two hundred cent dollars" will have
become exceedingly unpopular and the
exodus from the single standard party
will sufficiently increase the strength
of the young "giant" so that he can
win the victory in spite of the intrigues
of plutocracy.

The European press is very enthusi-
astic over McKinley's election, and
glories in the defeat of Bryan. They
readily see that if the United States
should adopt a free coinage measure
she would prosper as she has never
prospered before. She would wrest
the trade of South America and the
Orient from Europe and at the same
time the measure would be equal to a
very high protective tariff, which
would be very disadvantageous to
European countries, and this is why
the foreign press uses its influence for
the gold standard in America.

The monarchies of Europe are not
for America. They do not seek to
build us up and make us prosperous.
They seek to tear down, to make us
retrogressive and humiliate us if pos-
sible. The country has been taught
this lesson more than once. Why not
profit by it?

Our home policy should be one that
is not so satisfactory to the nations
across the sea. They should not be
given the opportunity for rejoicing to
such a great extent as the election of
McKinley is causing them to do. We
should not elect a man on a platform
so acceptable to the money grabbers of
Europe. Our platform and President
should be strictly for the wellbeing of
the citizens of the United States. If
the people's policy does not suit the
money gamblers of the East and the
popular notions of Europe let them
turn their attention elsewhere.

The American people, as a body,
have not had the foresight to know
what was best; their party blindness is
their ruin. If one will think for him-
self, home and country, and will throw
party to the winds, he will then, and
not till then, be capable of voting in-
telligently.

A "stock argument" of the enemies
of progressiveness is that the citizens
of this country enjoy more freedom,
have better homes and receive larger
wages than do the down trodden citi-
zens of any country in Europe, the
country of oppression, standing armies
and bigotry.

Our country is not to be compared
with such nations. Her onward prog-
ress should not be retarded simply be-
cause she affords a little better homes,
wages and more freedom than other
countries.

The only comparison that can be
made of the United States is with her
past prosperity, and in comparing her
with herself a prosperous people will
ever strive to give her citizens a more
liberal form of government.

The most contemptible party that

has come into existence in recent years
is the so called Gold Democratic Party.
And the leaders and members of this
party are distinctively and emphati-
cally enemies of good government and
liberty.

One of the leaders in a speech dur-
ing the campaign stated, in substance,
that rather than see the United States
adopt a double standard, and see the
200 cent dollar reduced to a 100 cent-
dollar, he would prefer to live under a
monarchical form of government. Plu-
tocracy pompous tool meant that he
would rather see a king rule this coun-
try than see a free coinage measure passed.

Can the people tolerate and recognize
such men? Do they not deserve much
contempt and hatred?

The composition of the gold Demo-
cratic party is the obnoxious matter,
refuse and filth which was discarded at
Chicago at the birth of the new Demo-
cratic party, which came forth new
and clean as far as national politics is
concerned.

This purification was the result of a
little Populist doctrine scattered
abroad. Some fell by the wayside,
some fell in stony places and some fell
among thorns, while others fell on good
ground and brought forth fruit—so the
grand upheaval at the Chicago Con-
vention was the result.

And the Populist party, which is the
champion of the people's rights, de-
serves all the credit, and in the future
will be found on guard and ever vigi-
lant in the watch-tower of liberty.

CHARLES B. MASTEN.

Don't look in the newspapers for the
great reductions in force and wages
that is now going on. The Associated
Press don't report them.

WANTED A SECOND WIFE.

On the Eve of a Proposal His First
Wife Interfered.

Squire Bray of Caswell, a little town
in North Carolina, was hunting another
wife, says the S. Louis Republic.
His first marriage had been a happy
one, dissolved by the death of his be-
loved helpmeet.

The Squire had a son named B. b
Bbb was a wild blade and proposed to
knock his father out of a second union.
In the capacious breast pocket of the
Squire's great coat reposed a pint tick-
ler, well filled that he proposed using
on his way back from seeing the Widow
Brown.

Now, just before he started B. b slip-
ped the tickler out and put in its place
a small alarm clock, carefully wound
and set for 11 p. m.

The Squire had sat the fire out and
was well on with his overcoat, holding
the widow's hand at the door and put-
ting his sweetest words at the last.

"Yes, your first husband, my dear,
was one of my best friends, and we'll
visit his and my lost Hannah's graves,
won't we, love?"

"Ah, yes, for where was there a
sweeter woman than your poor Han-
nah?" asked the widow.

"A good woman; she was good
enough, but there's a living one just
as sweet," said the Squire, and he was
drawing her to him for a kiss when—
whizz! whizz! whizz!—bizzzzing whir-
ring! bang the clock went off, inside
of him.

"Oh, Lord!" screamed the widow;
"he's shooting to pieces. It's Hannah's
old peanny a playin' inside of him!"

"She said she'd haunt me! She allers
told me so!" cried the Squire, running
in a stoop for his horse, with both
hands pressed to his breast and the
clock still striking, ting, ting. He rode
like old Nick was after him and never
knew the racket till he felt for his
tickler and pulled out the little clock
that B. b had bought at auction. Then
he laughed till the tears ran down his
cheeks, but he promised B. b never to
spark another woman if he'd only
keep the j. ke from the neighbors.

The widow believes to this day that
old man Bray is a walking volcano and
that his dead wife would set the bat-
tery a going if ever he went near a
woman again to make love to her.

Mrs. Tiernan, "Christian Reid" is
soon to have a new book out, published
by the Appletons, and those who have
read it pronounce it to be her best
work.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR: I have an absolute Cure for
CONSUMPTION and all Bronchial, Throat and
Lung Troubles, and all conditions of Weak
Away. By its timely use thousands of appar-
ently hopeless cases have been permanently cured.
No profit-positive am I of its power to cure,
will send FREE to anyone afflicted, THREE
BOTTLES of my Newly Discovered Remedies,
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to-day. Don't wait until to-morrow.

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OFFICIAL NOTICE.

HILLSBORO, N. C., Nov. 13, '96.

To County Secretaries:

A number of County Secretaries are
behind with their quarterly dues for
this quarter; some few are behind for
two quarters. Brethren, the Constitu-
tion requires that these dues be in by
the 1st of the month following the
quarterly county meeting. Please at-
tend to this matter at once. If you
will think, you will remember that the
expenses for this quarter are heavier
than any other; that constitutions and
proceedings have to be published and
sent out and it is necessary that the
dues for State Alliance be sent in at
once.

Fraternally,

W. S. BARNES, Sec'y Treas.

SOME EXCELLENT LITERATURE

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 1, 1895.

DEAR BRETHREN: I have on hand sev-
eral hundred copies of the addresses of
Bros. Marion Butler and Cyrus Thomp-
son, delivered before the State Alliance
at Greensboro, in 1893, bound together
in pamphlet form, which I will send
postpaid at 10 cents per dozen copies,
or 50 cents per hundred. Also quite a
number of copies of the Hand book
History of National Farmers' Alliance
and Industrial Union, at 5 cents per
copy, postpaid. Also State Alliance
proceedings for 1893 and 1894, at 2
cents per copy, 20 cents per dozen.
These prices are simply to pay cost of
mailing. The addresses of Bros. But-
ter and Thompson are splendid Alli-
ance literature and should be distrib-
uted among the people. Order at once
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and from the White House in the dead
of night, and left him, ragged and hun-
gry, in Oklahoma City, to tramp home.
Grover's trials and tribulations as a
tramp are most ludicrously related,
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laboring men about the silver question
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avenue, Washington, D. C.



Behold, What a Fire a Little Spark Kindled.

One little rusty pin crawled through a rail fence
from the highway, wandered up around the barn,
creaked through the door of the old-fashioned
chicken to the fattening pen. The resulting loss
would have covered the cost of pig-tight Fence
for that whole farm. Are you protected?

PAGE W